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Fulbeck: A Pastoral

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Fulbeck
A Paſtoral.

Rosemary for
Remembrance

To the Memory of One
born within the
sound of the Beck

The Homestead

Fulbeck
A Pastoral

by

J. Walter West A.R.W.S.

With illustrations
by the Author

London
H. Wilford Bell
Hastings House
Norfolk St:
Strand
1901

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FULBECK

Oh gently flowing beck
sing thou for me!
In softly rippling cadence
sweet & low,
Sing thou the song of
Life's sweet melody,
Re-echoing faintly
out of long ago;

And in thy silver pools
reflect again,
As in the crystal, to our
gladdened eye
The forms of those who
bent above thee then,
Mirrored upon a fleeting
field of sky.

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I do not ask that thou
should'st tell of all
Thy journey from the well-
spring to the sea;
Between the "sheep-wash" &
the stepping-stones
Is theme enough & well
sufficeth me.

Dear brook, a bond exists
between us twain
Begotten of the love
of days of yore,
I hate the rushing of
the Lincoln train—
Thy late defilement from
the iron ore.

Pomona's Statue

Thy voice, except when
strengthened by the rain,
Is feebler than the one
we used to hear
Yet whisper to me of the
past again
And tell me of the days
no longer here.

Tell of the "hill-field"
where the cattle wend,
The yellow rose upon
the garden wall,
Pomona's statue, at the
garden end,
List'ning to hear the
ripening Blenheims fall;

J. Walter West, del.

The Ford.

The shadow of the fragrant
walnut tree,
Thrown o'er forget-me-nots
beside thy brink,
Where, through the ford, the
cattle seek the lea
And radiant doves come
down to coo & drink;

The little bridge, that spans
thy ceaseless flowing,
Between the orchard &
the garden lawn;
Yet speak not merely of the
cattle lowing
But of the men & maids
beside thee born.

Sing me some youthful
mother's lullaby,
Crooned by thy flowery
brink, now gay now grave
Show me again the Child-
chased butterfly
Flutt'ring for safety o'er
thy limpid wave.

Tell me of Lydia, in the
"garden-parlour,"
Teaching each grandchild
to be very good;
Of William, as the miniature
still shows him,
With button-hole of
scented southernwood.

Show me the volumes
cherished by our sires,
Barclay & Bunyan, Gilbert
White and Penn,
And gentle Cowper's "Task"
that never tires;
Beloved & pondered o'er
and read again.

And let me listen to the
maidens spinning
The thread for dower of
damask to prepare,
And watch the careful
sampler's first beginning,
Or nimble fingers weave
embroidery fair.

Who rode with whom, upon
the pillion seated,
To Broughton meeting-house
on "first day" morn?
And who, in the "twelve-acre"
pasture, gleaned
The peeping mushrooms in the
glimmering dawn?

Oh happy Fulbeck! in thine
earlier sweetness,
Before the inroads of our
iron time,
Encircled in thy pastoral
life's completeness,
When husbandry had reached
her fullest prime;

Neer had thy quiet been
disturbed by wire,
No glare of modern lights
illumed thy sod.
By day the sunshine, and
by night the fire
Of lanthorn, or the moon
& stars of God.

Oh goodly days! when hand
in hand with Nature,
Man saw the slow pro-
vision for his need,
Knew the soft showers & gentle
dews that nurture
The sprouting germ within
the scattered seed;

Watched, with discerning eye,
the mellow crumbling
Of each frost-bitten clod
before the thaw;
Rejoiced to see the harvest-
wain home rumbling,
The flail-threshed grain
upon the threshing floor,

Saw the wind-angel turn
the circling mill sail,
With scarce a pause upon
his unknown way;
Was grateful for the warm
yield of the mill-stone
And home-made bread vouch-
safed from day to day.

Some things there are that have
been wrested from us
In our blind haste and
frenzy of employ,
Things that by right & for our
good belong us,—
Time to reflect, & leisure
to enjoy.

Oh Quiet Life, that with
unstinted measure,
Did ever hide in duty's
grasp a Charm,
And ever linked with toil
a time of leisure,
Oh yield us still some
remnant of thy balm!

In yonder jar there lie some
faded roses,
And lavender & rosemary
and bay.
Whose perfume lingers as
the evening closes—
So let thy fragrance dwell
with us to-day.

Grace West.

No 101

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